

by our combined industry, shielded by the total strength of one and all, yet enjoying the blessed luxury of individualism.

That is the miracle of America. Whoever wonders how it came to pass, can do no better than to study the family traits which hold Americans together and make us one Nation, although we are many parts. Our National birthright, the passion for liberty, has become a National characteristic. Who will say it was not just as strong in the pioneers of the prairies as in the pilgrims of the Mayflower? Who dares say that Lincoln's feeling for the Union was not as profound as Hamilton's? Will anyone challenge the fact that the patriotism at Bataan was different from that of Bunker Hill?

No, because these traits of Americans, these strong family characteristics are neither weakened by time nor dissipated by space. Americanism ages well. Like old wine, it gains in body and in flavor. Scratch a Californian and find a Carolinian. We are all one brotherhood under the skin; we are all tribesmen of the great Faith. The Liberty Bell of Philadelphia finds its echoes today in the humming factories of Detroit; the thundering cannon of Old Ironsides have their continuation in the Battles of Midway and the Coral Sea, and the descendants of men who crossed the Delaware to smite the Hessians will soon be crossing the Rhine to smite the Hun.

We are now engaged in a great world struggle—a global war, with many fronts and involving many strategies. But there is a familiar simplicity to the underlying theme of this complicated warfare. We Americans, from whatever part of the Nation—North, South, West; city or village; farmworker, factory-worker, office worker—we are privileged to see the one main issue clearly and to see it whole. We see it with the quick and lucid perception that is not so much the power of logic as the gift of instinct. Not in vain have we breathed the air of freedom and walked the one section of the whole earth where no tyrant ever trod. It is any wonder that a race of men bred to such traditions possesses an inner light—a second nature, if you will—which makes them super-sensitive to the challenge which Nazism has thrown in the face of Mankind?

Long before the tragedy of Poland we have hated Hitler. It went against our grain to witness, even at a distance, the trampling down of human rights; the debauchery of human decencies; the slow but sinister throttling of personal liberties which signaled that madman's rise to power in middle Europe.

Here we have long believed in Government as the servant, not the overlord, of its people. Here we have long believed in the right of worship, in the sovereignty of free expression, in the high privilege of dissent. We saw these things strangled by the German madman, and much as we abhor warfare in itself, we stirred with indignation, and from then on we knew in our hearts that we were pitted against Hitlerism from the very first.

Nor did our disgust of Japanese aggression begin at Pearl Harbor. The long and bloody effort to enslave the peoples of China aroused Americans from the first. That Oriental counterpart of Hitlerism was not more acceptable to us than what was going on in Europe. Those Powers of Evil and Darkness revolted the American mind. Looking back now, we can see how this war which